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of people and assistance at hand; but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches, if but a hand is raised against me, I will blow out her brains. Besides the two barrels of my carbine, I have here a pair of pocket pistols, capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess, but, at least, three or four men shall accompany me, and that charming woman shall go first to show us the way. This is my mode in many public houses; if you do not like it I am extremely sorry; but take care and let my horses be fed, and put to my carriage very early in the morning.—Now I go without delay—this is, to-night, my apartment."

Villains commonly lose their courage when they have true resolution to deal with. Such was the case in the present instance. The woman sat down, and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night. Tottleben, seated at the table just opposite the hostess, spent the hours in reading and writing as well as he could. At the same time he kept his carbine on his arm ready to fire. At the least noise that was made in the house during the night, the poor woman immediately trembled like a criminal at the bar, entreating him not to be too hasty, and assuring him that nothing should happen to him. In fact, during the whole night, not a foot was heard approaching the chamber of the count. At the break of day came Tottleben's servant; before he was half up stairs, he called out to let his master know who he was: he brought the box committed the preceding evening to the custody of the landlord, the count's breakfast, and a bill with very moderate charges. The count presented the first cup of coffee to his fair companion; and after she had done it, he took the rest quite at his ease. When he was informed that every thing was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favour him with it to the carriage. He then conducted her down stairs as po-

litely as if she had been the first lady of the court. At the house door he stopped, and inquired for the servant maid, whom he had seen the evening before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced, trembling, from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen on her; already he had, as she afterwards related, promised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give her a suitable reward as soon as the danger was over.—When Tottleben saw her by day-light, and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse—

"Take that," said he, "and if you are determined to remain here, buy yourself a husband with it; but if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me; I will answer for your success, and I swear that I will provide for you as long as you live."

The girl sprang into the carriage, leaving behind her every thing she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather; he requested a kiss at parting, and then continued his journey.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who slept in the public-room, that about midnight three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and, after a long conversation with the landlord, sneaked away again. The girl, who had been almost a year in the house, related, that during that time, two strangers, who had put up there, had disappeared, she knew not how.—At the next town, the count acquainted the magistrates with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not, or would not, find either the host or hostess. At the same place, Tottleben provided his female deliverer with decent apparel. She continued his companion in travel, and at length, when the seven years war called him into active service, he married her, and settled upon her a considerable property.



GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE.

The village of Auburn, once the residence of Oliver Goldsmith, or at least the scene of his youthful days, and which he has immortalized in his beautiful poem of the "Deserted Village," is situated in the county of West-

meath, about seven miles from Athlone, on the high road leading to Ballymahon; and, though time has caused many alterations, yet the principal features of the landscape are the same, and many of the scenes described by

the poet are still pointed out. Having been lately in the neighbourhood of this interesting spot, I was induced to pay it a visit, and consider it well worth the attention of the classical and curious.

On arriving at the entrance to Auburn House, the beautiful and romantic residence of John Hogan, Esq., we alighted, determining to proceed on foot and explore the village and its environs; fortunately some of our party were acquainted with the localities, and were able to direct our attention to every thing that was interesting.—Proceeding for a short distance, we got a view of the ruins of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith's residence, (the father of the poet). It is about two hundred yards from the road, and seems to have been comfortable and well built; but at present nothing remains except the walls. Goldsmith thus describes it:—

"Near yonder copse where once a garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

There are a few cottages a short distance from the house, and at the other side is a door, which we supposed to have led to the garden at the back of the premises.—The next attraction is the village ale-house.

"Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired;
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;—
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

It is still the "traveller's home," and the sign post depending from a large white-thorn near the house, with the same design on it which Goldsmith has alluded to in some of his other poems, viz.—"The Three Pigeons." In front of the ale-house stood—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The old thorn has been taken up, having decayed from age; the trunk of it has been shown at the "Three Pigeons," where those who wish to possess so curious a relic may obtain pieces of it. A younger tree has been planted in its stead, whose foliage may yet shelter the "seats beneath the shade," which still remain, and on which some of our party were so curious as to seat themselves.

From near this spot you have a beautiful view, embracing all that is interesting to a visitor; in front are the deep blue waters of the lake, surrounded with farm-houses and plantations, beyond which is Lissoy, with its—

"Decent church which tops the neighbouring hill."

And its old castle surrounded by the nicely white-washed cottages of the villagers. On the right hand is "Auburn," with its plantations down to the margin of the lake, and the remains of Goldsmith's house.

It can hardly be expected that the residence of the village schoolmaster could be pointed out, for even in the poet's time—

"The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, was forgot!"

Nor did we see any vestige of "The busy mill." But I hope, Mr. Editor, this hastily written sketch will induce some one to visit it who may be able to devote time to the survey, and to collect those traditional anecdotes respecting the family, many of which are still current in the country. A worthy lady* of the neighbourhood informed me that she recollected having had an old herdsman, who when very young had lived with Henry Goldsmith, the brother of the poet, the same to whom he addressed his poem of "The Traveller." In passing along, we remarked that the furze hedges were remarkably luxuriant, and fully justify the expression of—

"Blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay."

Nor did the vast quantity of water-cresses in the stream

which issues from the lake, escape our notice; one of our party repeating the lines—

"The wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

Hoping you may deem this worthy of insertion in the "Penny Journal," I remain, A CONSTANT READER.

From Brewer's "Beauties of Ireland" we quote the following particulars relative to Goldsmith's family, and the interesting district through which the poet was accustomed to wander in his boyish days:

"The 'Goldsmith family,' has been long settled in Ireland; and though one of them (Dr. Isaac Goldsmith) was dean of Cork in the year 1750, they seem to have resided chiefly in the province of Connaught. For several generations they regularly furnished a minister for the established church, being what is termed a clerical family.—The father of the poet was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, who married the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, diocesan schoolmaster of Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. By the residence of Mr. Charles Goldsmith at Pallace, on the 29th of November, 1728, when his son Oliver was born, it is probable he was curate of the chapel of ease in the parish of Cloncalla, or Forgeny. He was afterwards promoted to a benefice in the county of Roscommon. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Goldsmith settled in Ballymahon, with her son Oliver, then a child, and lodged in the house now occupied by Mr. John Lanigan at the corner of the entrance from Edgeworthstown road.

"At this place Goldsmith's mother lived, in low circumstances and indifferent health, until the year 1772, or 1775, at which time she was nearly blind. It is traditionally said that the poet, when a boy, was 'of reserved and distant manners, fond of solitary walks, spending most of his time among the rocks and wooded islands of the river Inny, which is remarkably beautiful at Ballymahon.'

"Connected with this period of his life may be noticed an anecdote, inserted in Mr. Graham's 'Statistical account of Shruel,' on the authority of a direct descendant of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, of Lissoy, curate of Kilkenny west, the elder brother of the poet. 'Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance, but when a boy, and immediately after suffering heavily with the small-pox, he was particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing to some company in Mrs. Goldsmith's house; during a pause between the country-dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured boy, the fiddler exclaimed, 'Æsop!' and the company burst into laughter, when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following lines:—

'Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.'

"On the 11th of June, 1744, Goldsmith was entered of Trinity College, Dublin; and in the entry on the college books, the Rev. Theaker Wilder (a younger son of the family of Castlewilder, in this county) is named as his tutor.* In 1747, he obtained 'his only laurel in the University of Dublin, that of an exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth, Esq., and in this year he was publicly admonished for having been concerned in a riot, and punning a bailiff, who had invaded the privileged precincts of the college.'—On the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted a bachelor of arts, two years after the regular

* In the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Dr. Campbell asserts that Goldsmith's tutor was "a Dr. Radcliffe," and mentions a letter written from England by the poet to his former tutor at College, requesting a testimonial of good character, such a credential being deemed necessary for his appointment to the humble office of usher in a country school. Goldsmith, however, according to Dr. Campbell's anecdote, had thought proper to assume a feigned name on first going to England, and his letter was, therefore, not answered by Dr. Radcliffe. Phil. Surv. pp. 287-8

* Mrs. Russell, of Lissonod.

time; and he then qualified himself for admission to the College library.

"In 1753, Goldsmith was at Edinburgh, as a medical student; and in the following year he commenced his unfringed travels. The leading features in his subsequent life are well known to the public; and the writings on which he was employed during many of his mature years, cannot fail to render his biography a subject of interest with very remote posterity. In all his 'wanderings round this world of care,' he was actuated by an ardent desire of revisiting the scenes of his youth. In a letter, written in December, 1757, to Daniel Hudson, Esq., at Lissoy, near Ballymahon, (which gentleman had married his sister,) he says that 'he wishes from his heart, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Lissoy and Ballymahon, and all his friends there, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex;' adding, 'that as, on second thoughts, this might be attended with inconvenience, Mahomet should go to the mountain;' and he promised to spend some weeks of the ensuing summer between Ballymahon and Lissoy. He also observes, in a sportive way, 'that it is unaccountable a man should have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility, and who never brought any thing out of it but his brogue and his blunders.'

"Unhappily, the fervent wish he entertained of again seeing this spot, so tenderly beloved, although the soil proved ungenial to his early views, was never gratified.

"It is certain that the scenery of this neighbourhood had made a vivid impression on his susceptible mind; and it is confidently supposed that many of his poetical descriptions are drawn from objects with which he was here familiar. Several of these rural objects, rendered so enchanting in poetical delineation, are believed to exist at Lissoy, at which place his brother (Curate of Kilkenny-west, in the adjoining county of Westmeath) resided, when Goldsmith addressed to him the poem entitled 'The Traveller.'

"The peasantry of this district,' says the author of the *Survey* alluded to, 'are shrewd, intelligent, and industrious: fond of manly exercises and amusements; such as foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, and swimming, in most of which they excel. They assemble on summer Sunday evenings, and amuse themselves by dancing, for the prize of a cake, which is exhibited on a pole, to encourage the candidates by a view of the object of their ambition.—English is universally spoken, though the great body of the people understand Irish, and many of them prefer using it. The manners of these people are mild and prepossessing, though they all possess what higher folks term a nice sense of honour; that is, they would neither give nor take an affront; they would be led, not driven.'

"Pallice is situated within one mile and a half of the town of Ballymahon, in the parish of Cloncalla, commonly called Forney. The walls of the house in which Goldsmith was born are yet standing, but the whole is in

a ruinous condition, as the roof fell in a few years back. The building at the time of Goldsmith's birth was in the occupation of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Jones."

The following additional particulars are gleaned from various sources:

The scenery about Ballymahon is delightful, chiefly owing to the river Inny, which runs through it under a bridge of five or six large arches, after falling over several ledges of rocks, among which are several small wooded islands, which, with the precipitous banks on each side of the river, form a landscape of great beauty, wanting neither mill, church, nor groups of cottages, to render it as interesting a spot perhaps as ever inspired or cherished the latent energies of a youthful poet.

Within five miles of Ballymahon, is situated Castle Wilder, the estate and residence of a very respectable family, from which the mansion takes its name, one settled in the county on one of the estates forfeited by the O'Farrell family in 1641. A younger son of this house was then a fellow of Trinity College, and under him, unfortunately for himself, was the young poet placed as a pupil. The following account of this singular man, taken from the Dromore manuscript memoirs of Goldsmith, may serve to show the sad state of religious feeling in Ireland, when such a character could be tolerated as a clergyman in it, and account for the miseries which his eccentricities, or rather profligacy, inflicted upon his unfortunate pupil. "Wilder, whose Christian-name was Theaker, was equally remarkable for strength, agility, and ferocity. He was once seen to jump on the box of a hackney coach, as it passed rapidly through one of the streets in Dublin, and knock the driver from the seat, because in flourishing his whip the unfortunate man had happened to strike his face. He sometimes, it was said, when he was senior lecturer, classed places for entrance, not according to merit, but to his own caprice. When Dr. Marsh entered, he was the examiner; the three first places were acknowledged to be the right of Marsh, Mead, and Harris. But Wilder transposed the names, and entered them on the books Harris, Mead, and Marsh, assigning for his reason the superior harmony of the latter arrangement. To Goldsmith he behaved the cruel tyrant rather than the kind instructor, and though he set the example of riotous and disorderly conduct, was quite savage in the infliction of punishment on his pupil for the slightest offences in the same way.

Goldsmith was thoughtless enough to invite some persons to a supper and a dance in his rooms in college one night. In the midst of the gaiety Wilder broke in upon them, affronted the company, and inflicted, in the Buxley style, manual correction on the object of his anger. Indeed the young man suffered scarce less from following the example of his riotous tutor, than from the capricious punishments which the barbarous pedagogue inflicted upon him; and to the sad influence of such a pattern much of the miseries of his future life were perhaps justly attributed.

The end of Wilder was consonant to his life, which was one continued scene of the lowest profligacy. The college living (that of Tanet,) which he acquired in right of his fellowship, was situated in a remote part of the county of Donegal.

One morning he was found dead in his dining-room, after having, as it was supposed, forced his way through the window. There were marks of contusion or fracture observed on his head; but for reasons not known, no inquest was held on his body.

* The late Rev. Mr. Newel, of Cambridge, who republished the poems of Goldsmith a few years back, contends, with great appearance of probability, that many of the objects portrayed in the 'Deserted Village' were to be found in Lissoy. In Mr. Newel's edition of Goldsmith's poems are inserted views of the Parsonage-house, the Church, and the Mill. But it will be obvious that the scene of action in that poem is laid in England, although, in the descriptive parts, the poet appears to have delineated objects really existing in the favourite haunts of his boyish years. It is observed by the Rev. Mr. Graham, in his "account of Shruel," that "the clergyman's mansion is still well known: the parish church of Kilkenny-west 'tops a neighbouring hill;' the lake and the mill lie between it and the mansion-house; the hawthorn tree still exists, though mutilated 'laniatum corpore toto,' by the curious travellers, who cut pieces from it as from the royal oak, or from the mulberry tree of Stratford-upon-Avon. The village ale-house has lately been rebuilt, and ornamented by the sign of the 'three jolly pigsons.'"—A lady from the neighbourhood of Portlennone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find, in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, the identical print of "the twelve good rules," which ornamented that rural tavern, along with "the royal game of goose; the wooden clock; &c."

Disheartened by the ill-treatment which he received from his tutor, Goldsmith got into despair, and left the college. He had an uncle resident in the county of Cork, Dr. Isaac Goldsmith, his father's elder brother, dean of Cloyne, to which a prebend was annexed. It seems strange that he never mentions him in his works, or in any letter to his friends which has been preserved; yet the tradition about Ballymahon is, that he went to him on this occasion, not in despair of getting through college on account of the cruelty of his tutor, but to consult him about the means of getting orders, and an appointment to a curacy. This the writer of these pages heard in the

county of Longford from a lady intimately acquainted with Goldsmith's mother. To the county of Cork, however, he went, on the occasion above mentioned, for it is stated by some of his biographers, and indeed by himself in the following letter, with the intention of going to America.—The letter has been preserved in the Dromore manuscript, and the parsimonious friend mentioned in it was, most probably, no other person than the dean of Cloyne, whom the indignant youth could not acknowledge as an uncle. It shall only be premised, that to such a state of want had his imprudence reduced him before he sought refuge under the inhospitable roof of the sago-drinker, that he had parted some of the necessary apparel from his body, and, after fasting for twenty-four hours, thought a handful of grey pease, given to him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made.

"My dear Mother,

"If you will but sit down, and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the expenses for my voyage. But it so happened, that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing every thing curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork, with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse, towards a journey of above an hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with particular emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her?—However I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she, with great humanity, relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself as peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on the earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul, I opened to him all my distresses, and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket, but that now, like a thief-taker weathering out the storm, I considered myself in a secure and hospitable harbour.—

He made me no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room, with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table.—This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned, with a small bowl of sago, a porringer of sour milk, and a piece of coarse brown bread. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house, observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he recommended a regular life, declaring, for his part, *he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark.*

"The lenten entertainment I had received, made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution, he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion; 'to be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends, and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.'

"Notwithstanding all this, and without any sanguine hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed my tale of distress, and asking him how he thought I could travel an hundred miles upon one half-crown; I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him I should repay with thanks; 'and you know, Sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you.' To this he firmly answered, 'Why look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there, I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have been thought myself of a conveyance for you: sell your horse, and I will give you a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick; 'here he is,' said he, 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely contain myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my old hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives—one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor—and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found every thing I could wish—abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation.

"In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of '*lying down with the lamb*,' made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him; upon which I plainly told my old friend, 'that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never enter his doors.' He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to recon-

cile me to all my follies, for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them, for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed, and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith,
Ballymahon."

Some few years since a meeting was convened by the admirers of the poet, for the purpose of drawing public attention to the subject of erecting a monument to his memory, near the place of his birth. We regret to have to state, however, that nothing has ever yet been effected, and we fear never will be, towards realizing the plan proposed.—Had he been born in England or Scotland, this would not have been the case, as we shall in some early number have an opportunity of showing, when speaking of the life of Burns, recently published by his friend, Allan Cunningham. Goldsmith's works, however, will stand as an imperishable monument of his genius, and we feel that we cannot better consult the feelings of our readers than by giving one or two short extracts from the poem to which our correspondent alludes:—

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering bloom delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only masters, grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village-statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
With broken tea-cups wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

DUBLIN:

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